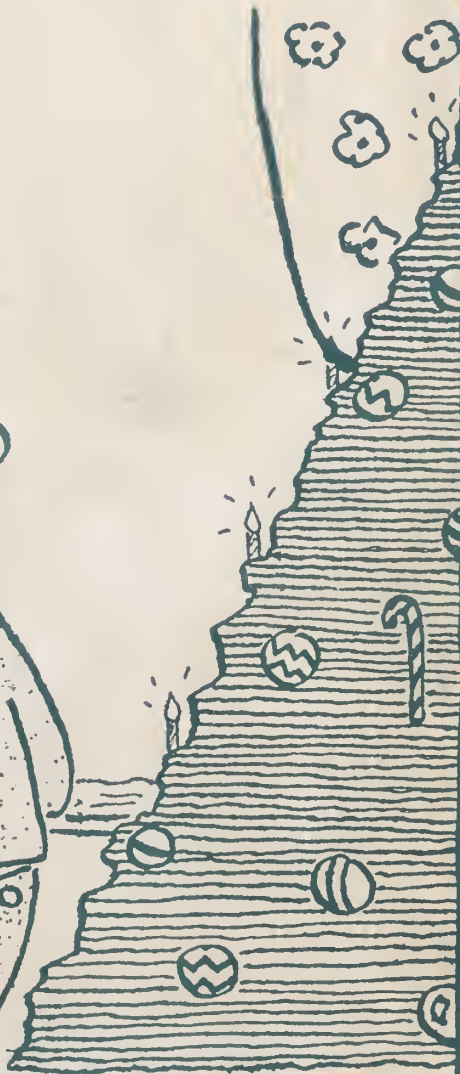


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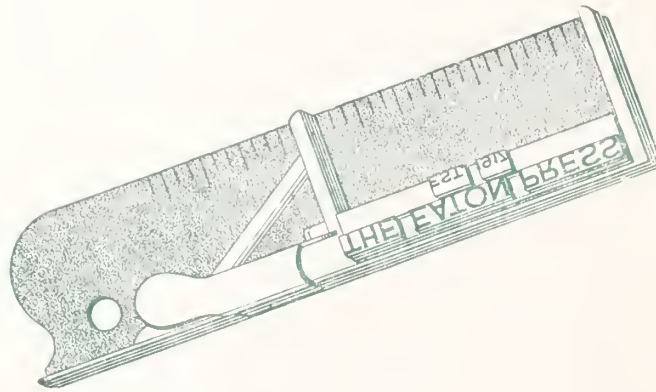


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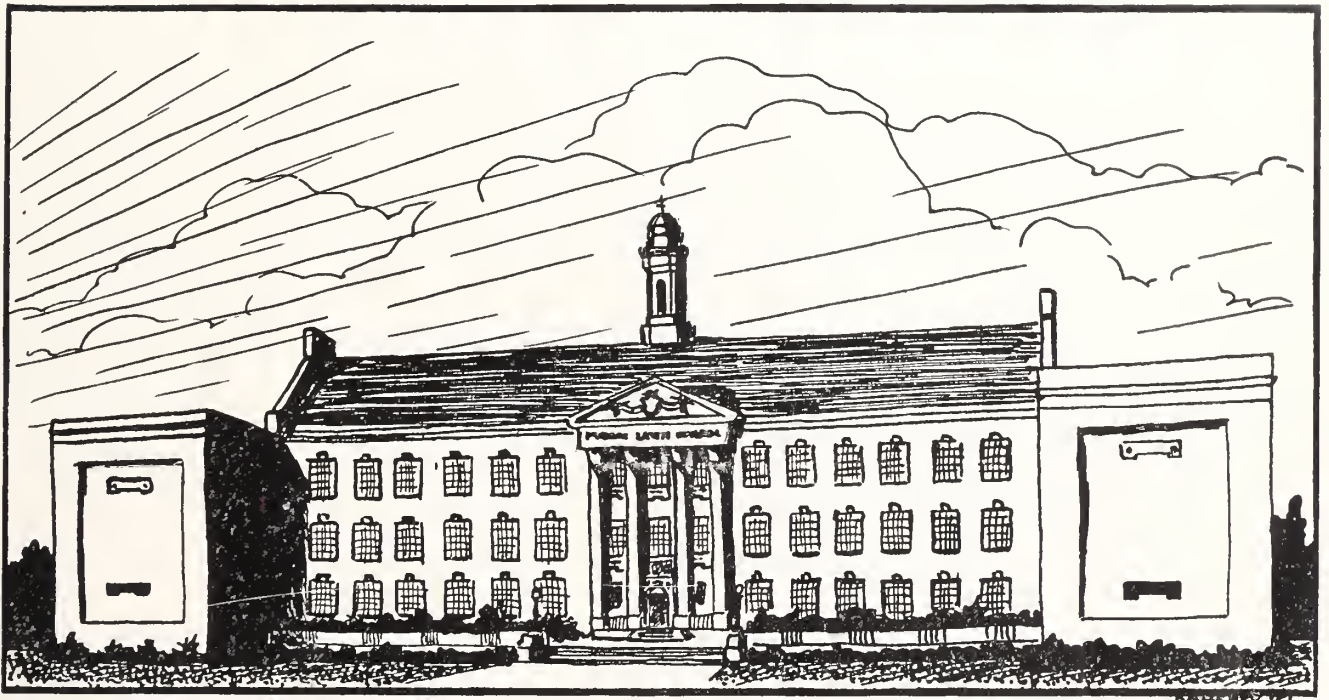
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Flowers for "Rusty"

IRWIN HARVEY DERMAN, '54

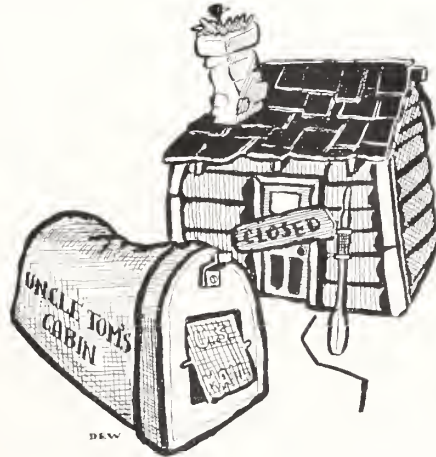
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HARVEY PRESSMAN, '54

UNCLE TOM'S CABIN is closed. Since Lieutenant Cannon was a cadet-1922, to be exact — Thomas R. Pennypacker has not only shown himself a master at imparting the intricacies of the French language to his "young charges", but also has contributed more to the general amusement of the student body than all of the other masters combined. Although many B.L.S. pupils have at times been bewildered by his actions, we of his last home-room class, privileged to a greater degree than most, are happy to picture this gentleman as we saw him: a kind, lovable, slightly odd son of a famous Headmaster. The authors of this article met with him on his last day in the School; but the following account is the result not only of his interesting comments, but of our observation over the years.

Young Thomas Rustin Pennypacker was a constant companion of his father on numerous excursions. His father, a lover of the open road, took him on fishing and camping trips, teaching the boy much about outdoor life. From his inexhaustible knowledge, he gave the boy an insight into many aspects of life which were to prove invaluable later. Among the most useful, were the profits of a life-time study of mushrooms. "It comes in mighty handy," Mr. Pennypacker told us. "Now, whenever I want to, I can go out in a field and gather enough wild mushrooms to feed my family for nothing." He added, "I wouldn't try it, if I were you, boy. It's a mighty dangerous game."

His secondary school education was completed at Cambridge Latin School. When asked why he didn't attend B.L.S., his answer was typical: "I lived out of the district." He then went on to Harvard, where he studied Romance languages and captained the



track team, on which he ran the quarter-mile. After a temporary appointment to B.L.S. in 1922, he was permanently appointed in the following September. From his early career as a master, he remembers little, except the acquirement of his nickname. "One day, on leaving the school, I found scrawled in the dust on my car the phrase, 'Flowers for Rusty' — probably a result of my middle name."

When World War II broke out, he enlisted in the Navy, serving in "the American theatre". Stationed at Newport, R.I., he was a communications officer and radar expert. After his service was completed, he resumed his teaching career, which continued until October 1, 1953, when he unexpectedly decided to retire. He gave his reason for quitting as follows: "I feel my best days as a teacher are over. I am retiring when I feel I'm at the peak of my career. I want to quit while I still have my physical strength and still retain my memory."

During his last years in the School we were fortunate enough to become

acquainted with him and with those characteristics which have made him one of our outstanding personalities. We asked Mr. Pennypacker about his reputation as a gourmet. "Well, the less said about that, the better," he replied. Upon further inquiry, he said, "Never eat during school hours. Don't do as I do; do as I say." When we inquired whether the latter statement also applied to the wearing of apparel, he chuckled and made no reply.

We were both amused and amazed at the extent of his outside activities, which include fishing, hunting, flying, adult education, radar communications, and—until recently—skiing. He is a member of that astute body, The Lower Cape Cod Surf Casters' Association; and until recently, he used to take trips to the Laurentian Mountains near Montreal, Canada, with some of the other members. One time, however, he broke a leg, which brought him to the conclusion that "my bones are getting too brittle." Although he obtained his flying license only three

years ago, he is a member of the Civil Air Patrol. He commented, "I get a bang out of flying and a lift out of fishing."

In the future, Mr. Pennypacker plans to devote his time to Naval activities and the instruction of adults, with more time for his many hobbies. "I enjoyed my association with Latin School, and I hope that some of my former pupils will come visit me. My greatest pleasure has been to have a boy come back and say he's doing so well in college because of his Latin School training." His advice to students is something that ought to be remembered. "Play at everything just as hard as you can. Aim high and believe yourself capable of great things."

"Rusty" has gone, but the memories of his career remain. The pencil-sharpener handle, the edible contents of his locker and desk, the famed "50-60" scale, his battered hat and torn coat—these and much else will serve to keep this man ever in the memories of his former pupils.

A Country Road

THOMAS HARRINGTON, '54

A summer sky, and woods;
Verdant meadows;
A road,
And rustic solitude;
A soft warm breeze;
The gentle whisper of the poplar trees.

But Hark!
A clatter of hoofs;
Bumping wheels in ancient ruts;
A simple song,
A muffled bray;
A cart's soft rumbling down the way.

Again all quiet;
And then a sound of feet;
A man's low voice, a woman's
Laughter—then silence;
A soft warm breeze;
The gentle whisper of the poplar trees.

Primus

M. J. SEELIG, '54

IN MY EARLY YOUTH I was known as a *novus homo*, for I was just beginning to climb the social ladder. The first rung was a date. Fellow teen-agers, lend me your eyes and read of my first important encounter with the fairer sex.

It was the spring of 1950 when I was confronted with the problem of a date for my first dance. At the age of fourteen and at an all-boys' school, I knew no female willing to accompany me. I lamented to a friend, who offered what seemed to be a solution. His idea was that I invite a girl he knew well. At first I was a bit wary of going out with a girl I had never met. My friend assured me that she was not only the acme of feminine pulchritude, but also had an effervescent personality. The description impressed me sufficiently to ask this *Venus de Milo* to the dance. That evening I called her; and, to my delight, the sweet-sounding female, Barbara by name, accepted my invitation.

The Saturday of the dance was spent in preparing for my date. I had many things to do—having my only suit pressed, purchasing a corsage, and buying a special necktie. As I had arranged to pick Barbara up at eight o'clock, I left my house at seven, elegant in my Jim Clinton (factory-to-you) suit. At eight sharp I stood at the door to Barbara's house, ringing the bell. My whole body shook with fear as an attractive woman, whom I assumed to be Barbara's mother, ushered me into the living-room. I sat there, waiting for Barbara for what seemed to be an interminable length of time. At long last I heard footsteps coming down the staircase. I turned around, and then I

saw it. Besides having a face not overly attractive, she was plump. After having spent the previous week visualizing a girl as beautiful as a Greek goddess, to say I was disappointed would be a rank understatement. After I had resigned myself to the fact that I had been taken, I could do nothing but stammer an awkward *hello*. After I had presented Barbara with the corsage and bid a good-night to her parents, we left for the dance.

As we were going to the dance, I could not help feeling ill at ease. I tried to strike up a conversation, but each successive attempt was thwarted by a not too intelligent "Ya". I somehow felt that I was in for a very dull evening. Upon arriving at the hall, we found numerous couples already dancing. Suddenly it occurred to me that I couldn't dance. Barbara spent the next half-hour teaching me a simple step. Then I started dancing, constantly looking at my feet to see if they were doing the right thing. They weren't. I began to sweat under my starched white collar, and my face seemed warm. I thought that every one was staring at me. During the more difficult dances we were forced to watch; I was plainly not a master of the art of terpsichore. The evening dragged on. When the dance drew to a close, I was a thoroughly confused and embarrassed lad.

Barbara and I left the dance near midnight and headed directly for home. I stood at the door for the second time in four hours, but this time I was a much wiser boy; I said good-night and thanked Barbara for allowing me to take her out. *Whew!* It was over. The first date is a growing pain all normal adolescents must suffer.

"There is no cure for birth and death, save to enjoy the interval."

George Santayana (1882) *Soliloquy in England*

Those Who Went Before

NATHANIEL LEFF, '55

IF YOU HAVE EVER in an attempt to stay awake looked up from the depths of a sleep-producing assembly to the frieze atop the Hall, you are well aware of the line of illustrious names. This is, of course, a roster of famous B.L.S. graduates; but rarely do you think about the fact that each name stands for an individual, with his personal problems as well as his public successes. In short, it is hard to understand that each person whose name is recorded up there once had to worry about syntax tests and the like, just as we do now (and brother, do we?).

Samuel Langley (1834-1906) is a typical example. Inspired, no doubt, by his Latin and Greek, he invented the first airplane. In 1896, he flew his steam-powered "aereodrome" for half a mile. This was as far as he got, however, because his machine could not carry people, and financial support for his brain-child was withdrawn. The "aereodrome" is now in the Smithsonian Institute, of which Langley was once secretary.

Timothy Pickering (1745-1829) is another example. Active throughout the Revolutionary War, he became quartermaster-general (he probably got his experience in the B.L.S. supply room). During the war, he submitted

the first plans for the West Point Military Academy. Subsequently, he held almost every post in Washington's cabinet and served for many years in both houses of Congress.

John Hancock is a better-known alumnus. He seems to have made a lifetime career of being an "American patriot". His record makes one suspect that the American Revolution was planned in the halls of B.L.S. He was president of the first two Provincial Congresses, and the British thought enough of him to put a price on his head. Their attempt to capture him led to the famous Battle of Lexington. (It was prior to that battle that another proper Bostonian, Paul Revere, rode through the neighboring countryside, waking up people in the middle of the night.) At the signing of the Declaration of Independence, Hancock was a credit to his Lower School penmanship masters when he signed his now-famous "John Hancock". After the war, he was elected Governor, and his tremendous popularity kept him in office for many years.

Next time, when you drowsily contemplate that list of names, remember that behind each name there is a story, and, more important than that—a man, and a former schoolboy like you.

To Sleep

N. WALSHIE, '54

O Sleep, across the ebon span of night
 Thy ministers in starry-winged flight
 Up-soar; and, often swooping, they alight
 To lavish on the brows of those
 Immersed in thought of all the day's dark woes
 A fragrant balm, that does their pain requite.

Mitigated Nostrils

HARVEY PRESSMAN, '54

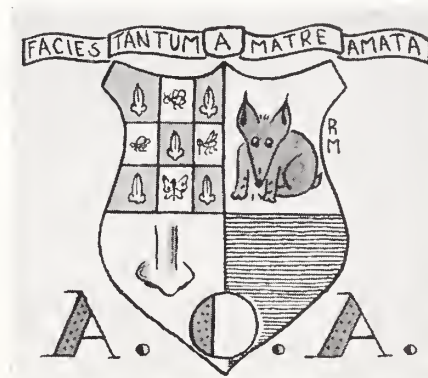
(Note: Ever since the emergence of Aardvark lapel buttons, the author and various other members of the "Organization" have been swamped with inquiries concerning the Amalgamated Order of the Aardvark. Although the by-laws of the Society prohibit imparting information pertaining to the Group, the author, out of pity for the curious, has secured permission to publish the following minutes of a meeting, taken from the actual records of the A.O.A. It is felt that, with the publication of these minutes, all questions concerning the Confederation will be cleared up once and for all:)

THE XLDVI MEETING of the Amalgamated Order of the Aardvark was called to order at III*: XLI A.M. by the Lord High Nasal. The minutes of the last meeting were read by the Mitigated Nostril and were accepted by the body politic. After the report of the Activities Committee had been read, a motion to accept the following recommendations was made and approved:

- a. *Motto*: "Aardvarkia Uber Alles"
- b. *Slogan*: "Facies tantum a matre amata" **
- c. *Membership requisites*: (1) Soplistry (2) Servility (3) Apathy (4) Proboscidity (5) Intangibility

The Infinitesimal Cerebellum moved that the A.O.A. set up a system of tutoring for all Lower Classmen experiencing difficulty in Health and/or Military Science. This motion was at first rejected by a vote of XX *for*, XIX *against*; but, on reconsideration, the members decided to appoint a committee to study the matter.

The Deviated Sinus moved that, because of the dangers which might be encountered in the imminent open season for insects, suffrage be granted Ants and Pusillanimous Pismires. It was therefore decided that the aforementioned hereafter be known as



Duck-Billed Platypuses (or is it *Platytypi*?) and Embryonic Armadilloes. The suggestion was accepted by acclamation. The Noisy Nozzle then officially declared himself dissatisfied with the lapel buttons, labelling them as insufficiently distinctive (accept on the second syllable). At this point the Bulging Beak suggested admission of certain masters into the "membership"; but, after the astute comment of the Grand Snoot that their *facieses* did not conform to the exacting requirements of the Order, the suggestion was rejected.

A motion by the Schmutzig Stumpf-nase, that a delegation be sent to Mozambique for the purpose of protesting the black market in bees' knees and flies' eyes, was unanimously approved; but, after ascertaining that the Treasury contained XVIII cents and one detached MTA car-check, the majority decided to table the proposal. The meeting adjourned at III:LVII A.M. with the singing of the fourth stanza of "Crazy Man, Crazy."

Submitted,

M. N.

*Antpril-in the Aardvarkian calendar, that which comes before May and after April.

**You take Latin, dentcha?

Heat Wave

PAUL EPSTEIN, '55

SHE TRIED to blame it on sun-spots or something; but whatever the reason, the previous week, according to statistics, had been the hottest in over two hundred years. The South-western states had become a dust-bowl. Nobody talked about anything but the weather. For that matter, because of the heat, nobody talked much about anything. By Tuesday night, the hottest of the week, every one was "beat" (temperatures like that kind of get you after a while). People poured out of their flats like a great viscous fluid and settled languidly on the scorched steps with portable radios and cans of chilled beer. The older folks just sat there, mopping rivulets of perspiration or slapping at whatever insects had energy enough to bother them. The children didn't seem to mind; but, then, kids never do. Clad in shorts, they cavorted about like wild colts.

One of the older boys was the first to notice green and violet lights streaming across the sky in fantastic arcs. Soon everybody was looking; but before there was time for the inevitable speculation and debate, the radio announcer stopped complaining about the weather long enough to give an "important news bulletin" that the Air Corps was investigating "strange aircraft" flying over the city and that the alien ships were believed by some experts to be "extraterrestrial." Although



previously there had been some speculation as to flying saucers, nobody had taken it seriously, because announcements themselves had seemed to be made with tongue-in-cheek. Besides, the current temperature did not exactly stimulate argument of any kind. That's probably the reason no panic developed when the lights came nearer. That's why nobody fled for shelter. They sure were smart, whoever they were, picking a night like this. Why, even the children didn't interrupt their games; that is, not until the flash, and then it was too late, anyway.

The Ant Hill

WILLIAM MANLEY, '54

A CONSERVATIVELY dressed man hurried down one of the malls of the Boston Common to a spot which has long served radical speakers. He ascended a conveniently placed milk-case—his rostrum. To the accompaniment of an outburst of whistling and a flurry of waving arms, a substantial crowd gathered about him.

The "Party" had given him the task of selling the public the Communist State. He was well trained for his mission and zealous in its execution. After taking a deep breath, he began his oration.

"Friends," he said, addressing his audience, "would you like to own everything in this city?" The crowd nodded in affirmation.

"Would you like to be free of taxes?" he continued. The listeners nodded their heads vigorously.

"Well, then, if you will just bear with me for a few minutes," he said, knowing he had baited the crowd sufficiently, "I will try to explain." The speaker lapsed into a diabolically well-prepared oration, designed to make workers believe that security is better than freedom.

All within hearing distance gave him complete attention — all but one, that is. This sole abstainer was a worker ant, laden with food, scurrying back to its ant-hill. The voice of the speaker boomed incessantly above the tiny figure. Although the ant and the speaker were of two different species, they had one thing in common — Communism. The speaker wanted it, and the ant *had* it. The ant-hill contained a system of pure communism. With no leaders of any kind, the inhabitants were united by an unwritten rule to serve the ant-hill unceasingly and monotonously. The only reward the workers received for their labor was security. Yes, the ant and the speaker were "comrades under the skin."

The little worker entered the hill and descended the passage-way to the main room. In this cavernous hall, there was much activity. Nurses scurried from hatchery to milking-room and back again. Soldiers patrolled the

corridors. Large workers were busy constructing new passage-ways. All were at work, for no one is allowed to be idle. Relaxation is forbidden in the ant-hill.

Our little worker made its way to the hatchery, where it deposited its burden of food for males and females. At the hatching chamber, the ant could not fail to envy the life of the egg-layers, although it knew their life was as dull and tiring as its own.

As it left the hatchery, it felt its strength ebbing. After six years of work, it had expected this end. Death was near; and with death, came a pause for reflection. Why all this rush? it asked itself. Why work so hard for nothing? This undeveloped germ of sense was wasted, for the worker died almost at once. A soldier approached, examined the corpse, and plunged its pincers into the dead worker's head as final assurance that it was dead. Then a large worker ant drew near and carried off the carcass to the slave-pit as food for the enslaved insects. Nothing is wasted in an ant-hill.

Above the ant-city, the speaker drew his oration to a close. He scanned the array of faces in the crowd and, by their expressions, assumed some success. He smiled and walked off, believing he had done mankind a service. Actually all he had done was to sell . . . an ant-hill.

Ode to a Textbook

DAVID S. SPIEL, '56

Although for Latin I don't care,
Ah, Book, your tortures I must bear.
Each night your cursed words I try
To translate well; but, do or die,
They never seem to come out right;
And yet I ponder half the night
Without a care for personal joy,
For ne'er a *trot* do I employ . . .
(I see my words you do debate,
And so the truth I must relate.
Yes, Book; I do exaggerate . . .)

The Maze

PAUL EPSTEIN, '55

"I MUST NOT FAIL! I must not fail!" Over and over the words throbbed through the youth's brain as he cautiously made his way down the dank corridors of the Maze, only vaguely aware of the shouts of derision coming from all around him. It was his first attempt as a novice; and failure was unthinkable. He searched methodically seeking to find some basic pattern to the baffling pattern of corners and intersections of which the immense labyrinth consisted; however, his untrained mind, unable to comprehend the complex arrangement, soon abandoned systematic reasoning and turned as a last hope to random search.

He must have walked for hours before his smugness wore off. Then he realized that he was completely and hopelessly lost. His heart pounding wildly, his eyes bulging with terror, the youth turned this way and that, running blindly and realizing only that he must not stand still, must not give up.

The pathway down which he turned was damp and gave off the musty odor peculiar to the Maze. On and on he ran, gasping and wheezing for lack of breath.

Then, for the first time, he heard the shouting and blocked his ears to keep it out. Still he kept running insanely onward, as his youthful lungs labored to keep his straining body supplied with air. Finally he gave up, exhausted, as his weakened frame sank limply to the ground. As his young life ebbed slowly away, the boy drifted into a state of delirium, his head filled with thousands of wildly screaming voices: "I must not fail! I must succeed! I must . . ."

Louder and louder the voices screeched, but as the convulsing body breathed its last, one voice was heard louder than the rest, shouting the very words which had sent him on this fateful errand: "Here, Sixie; take this to Mister Meanor in Room 437!"

Of Autumn

A. H. MARTIN, '56

The leaves, all golden, red, and brown,
Caught in the wind, come swirling down;
They scuttle over the frozen ground
As the wind howls through an eerie sound.
To some, it is like a saddened cry
Of pain to see the Summer die,
Is hard for them and theirs to bear
These people breathe a silent prayer
And hope that Winter soon will come
And go and then the gentle hum
Of Spring's soft rain will make them sigh;
But soon the Spring will also die.
Then Summer's blistering heat will scorch
The suffering earth with its burning torch . . .
But hold you back your cry of pain;
For Fall will soon be here again.

The Case of the Missing Letter

ROBERT LISS, '55

The story you are about to read is false. Only the names have been changed to incriminate the innocent. Any similarity to the Radio-Television show "Dragnet" is intentional.

MY NAME IS Fulvius Friday. It was fifteen minutes past the Kalends of November. I was working out the day-watch of the Forum when a call came in. It was from Cassius Kelly, Director of "The Roman National Alphabetorium." That morning, when he was checking through the alphabet, he discovered that the letter "w" was missing. My job was to find it. I decided to play a hunch. I hopped into my chariot and left the Forum.

As I was riding along the Appian Way, I noticed a poor *agricola* trudging along the side of the road. He was carrying a large sack. Dressed in the garb of a simple Roman peasant, he wore a cool purple toga with "crazy" red and yellow stripes. In spite of his vulgar dress, I decided that there was something suspicious about him. I pulled my chariot to the side of the road and began to question him.

"Pardon me, *amicc*, but I'd like to ask you a few questions."

"Go right ahead," he answered.

"What's your name?"

"I'm known as Luke Cataline to my friends."

"Didn't I pick you up on a 903 last year for taking bets on the chariot races?"

"So what?" he answered. "You want to make an Imperial Roman Case out of it?"

Rather than argue with the chap, who obviously had been drinking too much grape juice, I changed the subject.

"Do you mind if I have a look at your sack?"

"No. Go right ahead."

As I searched through the sack, I could find no evidence to link this "Luke" to the case of the missing letter.



I did, however, come across some letters from Cataline's real-estate broker, a certain Manlius. It seems that Cataline was interested in the acquisition of extensive property in Rome.

I handed him back his sack. "Sorry to bother you, Luke." I hopped into my chariot and headed back to the Forum.

The Chief of the Roman Secret Police (known to his agents as Philius) was obviously angry when I told him I had failed to solve the case.

"You see, Chief, I played a hunch. Sometimes a hunch works; sometimes a hunch doesn't pay off. This time it didn't pay off." Although his anger increased, with my words it was finally terminated when he relieved it by making several passes at my head with his sword.

As this story has no ending, the case of the missing letter has never been solved. To this day, the letter "w" is missing from the Roman *Alphabetorium* as well as from Latin composition.

On the Ides of March, trial was held on the Palatine Hill, in and for the city of Rome. After much deliberation, the letter "v" was drafted to take the place of the missing "w". (In the words of the Grand High Iudex, it was

relatively easy to substitute in a matter indicative to the sustenance of the Alphabetorium. This marked the only time that "the relative clause with the indicative after a verb of sustenance" made its appearance in Latin grammar.

— Case Closed —

This has been "A FIVE MARKS PRODUCTION."

[*Note:* The reader may feel free to add a chorus of the "Dragnet" theme at any point in the story.]

Holy Night

EDWARD U. LEE, JR., '55

ON DECEMBER twenty-fifth, the whole world will gather in humble prayer to honor a baby born in an old manger almost two thousand years ago. The wonderful Christmas story will be told once more — "And she brought forth her first-born Son, and wrapped Him up in swaddling clothes and laid Him in a manger; because there was no room for them in the inn. — Behold, there came wise men from the East to Jerusalem — and opening their treasures, they offered Him gifts" . . . Once more the angels will sing their hymns of praise, once more the shepherds will adore their infant King; and peace will descend on the earth.

Christmas — what does it mean? To Christians, it is one of the most important of holy days, a day on which brotherly love and charity take precedence over all else. This sentiment is exemplified in the ancient custom of exchanging gifts, which during the early Christmases were only small tokens of mutual affection. As time passed, the gifts became more important than the religious basis for them, to far too many people. Children too young to appreciate the beautiful motivation for the presents were told about Santa Claus, a jolly old man with a herd of reindeer, who rode in

his sleigh and bore gifts to every child in the world. Quickly the world adopted this generous man; and, December after December, he became more important. Christmas cards were robbed of their religious messages and pictures and often covered with luminous-nosed reindeer, rabbits, and even airplanes winging a Merry Christmas to the recipient. Merchants, perennially in pursuit of the almighty dollar, further commercialized this feast day, stimulating any one and every one to buy gifts at their stores. As time went on, the "Christ" was removed from Christmas, and it became Xmas.

If you are a student of history, you will realize that the farther the human race removed itself from God, the more troubled it became. In a war-torn world, still retreating from the God that so loved us that He became one of us, we are in dire need of religion. So put Christ back into Christmas! Have a holy Christmas, and you are sure to have a happy one. If you send Christmas cards, try to avoid the cheapening of commercialism. Don't give in hope of receiving something better, but rather in the spirit of love. Christmas belongs to Christ; don't try to take it away from Him.



Our Lords and Masters

RICHARD EMERSON BURTON

Teaches history, civics, and geography in Room 121 . . . Resides in Needham . . . Graduated from Roxbury Latin School (1927) . . . Degrees: Harvard (A.B.) 1931; Teachers' College (M.Ed.) 1934; Northeastern (LLB) 1940 . . . Member of Massachusetts Bar Association . . . Married; one child — Captain in Army (1942-1946) . . . Major in Airforce; served in Korea and Japan (1951-1953) — Previously taught at Boston Latin, English, and in the special Program for Adults . . . Hobbies: none. Advice: No comment.



LAWRENCE JOSEPH JACKSON

Teaches English in Room 102 — Born in Mansfield; still lives there . . . Graduated from Mansfield High in 1909 . . . Degrees: Holy Cross (A.B. 1913); Catholic University of America (A.M. 1916) . . . Studied at the University of Paris . . . Served in Europe in World War I . . . Has taught at Mansfield High; B.M.C. Durfee High in Fall River; High School of Commerce (1920-1953) . . . Single . . . Hobbies: gardening and landscaping his woodlot in Mansfield . . . Comment: "There are good men on both sides of the Avenue Louis Pasteur."



JOHN W. BRENNAN

Teaches Phys. Ed. and Health in Room 123 . . . Graduated from Jamaica Plain High-1939 . . . Boston University 1948; A.B.-M.Ed. B.U. 1950 . . . Served six years in Army as Captain — two and one-half years in South Pacific . . . Coached five years at Campbell Junior High . . . First year at B.L.S. . . . Married; three children . . . Hobby: golf . . . Impressed by attitude of boys in sports program.



EDITORIALS

Latin School is a Prep School

Several decades ago, it was considered a noteworthy scholastic achievement to receive a high school diploma and a rarity to earn a college degree; for our forebears considered a sound mind less important than a sound body. Even from its inception, however, our school has always been conducted not only for the purpose of getting its students through high school; but the courses of Latin, Greek, and other subjects were a compulsory part of the curriculum, and college was the only objective of B.L.S.

Now, in an era when a college diploma is becoming commonplace, Latin School maintains her high ideals of the past three centuries. Although radicals may cry that too much time is spent here on the classics and not enough on "progressive" and elective subjects, the large number of our graduates in high places bear witness to the theory that students well-schooled in the fundamental arts and sciences will scholastically outdistance those who have been given only a superficial training in the so-called modern subjects.

Although the theory behind Latin School is that it is but the beginning of the acquisition of knowledge and wisdom and graduation from B.L.S. signifies only the end of the primary feeble gropings in the wonderful realm of learning, our school would still be a wise choice for the boy unable to go to college and therefore forced to make the most of his high school education. The trades that such a student may begin at other schools can be acquired much better in industry after graduation; but the basic background that the boy would acquire at Latin School would take many years of outside study. Therefore, no matter what course you wish to follow after high school, a diploma from the Boston Latin School, a prep school for college and the world, will be worth the extra hours of study that are necessary to make an impressive scholastic record at B.L.S.

Living in Germany

I've been living in Germany almost a year now, and for almost the whole ten months since, I have tried to absorb German culture.

The school to which I am going is an American high school for the dependents of officers and noncommissioned officers. Our school life is different from that which we had "stateside"; and yet it is as similar as it could possibly be, three thousand miles from America.

Sports are encouraged, and our school teams play teams from other American schools in various cities of Europe. We are encouraged to take part in a German-American friendship program which the school sponsors. At Christmas time, a very successful joint Christmas party was planned, with both groups contributing food and entertainment. The language difficulty was solved by the German boys and girls, who practiced more of their high school English than we our high school German.

Our teaching staff is exclusively American with the one exception of the modern languages. We have native Germans teaching us German; and their classes are run most of the time in German. It is impossible, then, to leave Germany without some rudiments of conversational German.

We have much leisure-time, as the homework burden is not nearly so difficult as you have, and we are given a study hour every day. There is no way to earn spending money. After school, jobs are non-existent. The average German wage for simple work such as an American high-schooler would want is thirty cents or less an hour.

The black market had just about gone out of existence when I arrived. The only commodities worth anything now are coffee and cigarettes, and the end of their value is in sight. When exorbitant tax that is now levied upon them by the German government is soon lifted, Germans will be able to buy such things without going to illegal dealers.

I live near the Rhine, which, is in fact, only a mile down the street from our apartment. The Rhine is considered a tradition among Germans. It seems to typify to them well-loved German customs and old-fashioned ways. I enjoyed a glass of *Apfelsaft* in a pleasant wine-cellar in the area known as the Rhinegau. Tourists come from everywhere to sing songs and to be among the vineyards in this wine-producing area.

Wiesbaden was on the Roman side of the Rhine in the days of Caesar. Today it serves the same purpose that it served wealthy Gauls; for warm springs run in the whole area, and then, as now, people come to take the cure.

I've done quite a bit of traveling since arriving. The trip from Bremerhaven to this city was the first of it. About three months ago we drove down to Heidelberg and went sightseeing through the old part of the city. It hasn't been touched by the war and is as Old German as you'd expect, with narrow streets winding in and out among aged buildings. On the way home we passed through Darmstadt, a university town like Heidelberg; but, unlike Heidelberg, a virtual ruin, having but one structure more than three stories that lasted through the war.

At Christmas-time we took a night-train through the Russian Zone to the American sector of Berlin. A huge city—it is strikingly different from other German cities. Until recently bus tours through the Soviet sector of Berlin were allowed by American authorities; but when tension and friction began to cause incidents, the trips were discontinued.

Just a week or two ago we got back from Vienna. We drove on the four-lane *autobahn* from Frankfurt to Berchtesgaden, where we spent the weekend. On Monday morning we drove to Salzburg and to Linz in Austria. Linz is the end of the American zone of Austria, where cars pass the checkpoint before going through the Russian Zone of Austria. We were told at the checkpoint to arrive at Vienna in approximately two and a half hours. If we arrived in less, we should receive a ticket; if it took us more, a car would be sent to look for us.

One of the pleasant things about living over here is that we are able to come home to our own house after trips such as those — instead of checking into a strange hotel. I'm enjoying it here; but, nevertheless, I'm looking forward to being home soon.

"Do not pray for easy lives. Pray to be stronger men! Do not pray for tasks equal to your powers. Pray for powers equal to your tasks."

Phillips Brooks (1851) *Twenty Sermons*

Alumni Profile

RALPH WALDO EMERSON

Class of 1917

HERBERT S. WAXMAN, '54

Many Latin School graduates have distinguished themselves in literature and philosophy; but none has made a more lasting impression on American culture than Ralph Waldo Emerson, called, and rightly so, our most quoted author. It is fitting, therefore, that on this, the one hundred fiftieth anniversary of his birth, we pay tribute to this great man of letters.

Ralph Emerson's literary career began inauspiciously enough three years after his birth in 1803 when his aunt, Mary Emerson, a woman of strong character and great literary ability herself, proclaimed young Ralph to be slow in learning to read. This retardation was probably forgiven, however, in view of the fact that later, at the ripe old age of nine, Ralph Waldo Emerson entered Boston Latin School.

Under the tyrannical rule of the often inebriated Headmaster William Bigelow, the school was passing through one of the most turbulent periods in its history, being moved from building to building until its permanent structure on School Street could be completed. As the Latin School curriculum of 1812 was centered around the classics, Ralph was obliged to attend Rufus Webb's South Writing School for instruction in the subjects of writing and mathematics. Master Webb's school was temptingly near the Boston Common, however; and not infrequently was Ralph guilty of the cardinal crime of truancy. Being an able student, Ralph easily made up the

work he had missed and was only transiently affected.

In 1814, tragedy struck the Emerson household in the form of the death of William Emerson, Ralph's father, the fourth in his family to enter the clergy. With the demise of this well-liked pastor of the First Church, the Emersons were reduced to poverty and subsequently obliged to live with a relative in Concord. Thus Ralph's Latin School career was interrupted; but in 1815, the family was able to return to Boston, and Ralph to Latin School—now under the firm guidance of a new headmaster, Benjamin Gould. (Incidentally, he was the originator of the misdemeanor mark.) In 1817 Ralph was graduated from the school and, at the mature age of fourteen, entered Harvard University.

Although he had to work as a waiter and a tutor to pay his expenses, Emerson's marks were not affected; in fact, he won the coveted Boylston Prize for declamation, a direct result of his Latin School training. It was while at Harvard that Emerson began to keep his journal, from which we have obtained many ideas and feelings never communicated to his contemporaries.

After his graduation from Harvard in 1821, Emerson was given a position as instructor at his brother's school for ladies. Determined to add his name to the list of Emersons who had entered the ministry, Emerson returned to Harvard, to be graduated from the School of Theology in 1826. Shortly thereafter,

he was appointed pastor of the Second Church of Boston.

Several years later, however, plagued by ill health and bowed by the tragedy of his young wife's death, Ralph gave up the pulpit and travelled to England, where he became acquainted with Coleridge, Wordsworth, and Carlyle, all of whose writings had provided inspiration to the literary-minded Emerson. After his return to the United States, he became a lecturer. He traveled all over the country, holding the more intelligent members of his audiences spellbound, but boring the coarser people because of his lack of humor. He spoke, for the most part, on current events; but, from a historical standpoint, the highlight of his lecturing career is to us a talk on abolition delivered before President Lincoln and his Cabinet.

Emerson was an active contributor to the "Atlantic Monthly", which made its first appearance in Boston in 1857. With many other prominent Bostonians, he was a member of an organiza-

tion called the "Saturday Club", to which such nineteenth-century intellectuals as Longfellow, Lowell, and Dana belonged.

Between the years of 1850 and 1870, the bulk of Emerson's philosophical treatises took shape. It would have to be a far wiser and more mature person than I even to attempt to appraise his enduring ideas; but one of the beliefs he most vehemently set forth—that there is no such group of people existing as a common class, that each individual is an aristocrat in his own right. This principle seems to me to be the best possible answer to the challenges of Communism or Fascism.

Ralph Waldo Emerson lived his last few years in the serenity of his Concord home, past his creative stage in writing, at last able to enjoy a well-earned tranquillity. In this peaceful environment he died in 1882—leaving us, in one of his many volumes, this formula for harmony among men and nations: "Virtue is the business of the universe."

"To be great is to be misunderstood."

Ralph Waldo Emerson (1817) *Self Reliance*





LATIN	7	EAST BOSTON	6
LATIN	27	R. M. H. S.	6
LATIN	14	B. C. HIGH	31
LATIN	31	TRADE	0

LATIN	28	DORCHESTER	12
LATIN	12	SOUTH BOSTON	39
LATIN	31	ENGLISH	19
Total	150		113



Football

Latin Edges Eastie

September 30, 1953

Latin unveiled the 1953 edition of its football team by nosing out East Boston, 7-6, in a fifteen-minute pre-season scrimmage during the annual Jamboree at White Stadium. Although the Purple gained the verdict, they displayed several weaknesses, which must be corrected if they wish to repeat the success of last year's team. Their pass-defense was inadequate, and ball-handling was generally sloppy.

The Noddle Islanders won the toss and elected to receive. The kick was run back to the E.B. 30-yard line. Eastie drove to their 45, after Latin defense stiffened. After the Noddle Islanders kicked out of bounds on the B.L.S. 13, the Purple began to move. Boots Connolly took a pitch-out and, behind a wave of blockers, raced to the

Eastie 31. On the next play beautiful faking fooled the spectators and writers as well the Blue and Gold; and while Eastie smothered a would-be ball carrier, Duke Shnider dashed unmolested for the touchdown. Connolly kicked the extra point to give Latin a 7-0 lead. East Boston, after receiving the kickoff, netted only scant yardage in three plays; and when they attempted to punt, Frank Casey broke through to block the kick. B.L.S. took over on the E.B. 35, but were unable to penetrate Eastie's defenses. Two long passes set up East Boston's sole tally, but their attempt to rush for the all-important point was thwarted. A short while later the final gun went off, and Latin emerged victorious with a scant one-point margin.

POINTS AFTER

The Purple's two bids for All-Scholastic honors, Frank Casey and Boots Connolly, both turned in stellar performances . . . East Boston seemed to have only one play, the line-buck off tackle . . . On several plays Paul Simmons, Latin's young quarterback, seemed to have trouble handling the pigskin; but, with a little more polish, this boy should be an excellent back.

. . . Although Latin did not seem to be spectacular, the caliber of the other Conference squads appeared to be also somewhat below par . . . or else the competition is much keener.

Line-up: M. Levine, lk; Kane, Watson, lt; Manazir, Gaughan, lg; Troiano, c; Casey, rg; Schell, Luciado, rt; Becker, re; Simmons, qb; Shnider, R. Levine, lhb; Cullen, Stebbins, rhb; Connolly, Coulon, fb.

Latin Downs Memorial

October 5, 1953

On a cold October day, B.L.S. romped over Roxbury Memorial in a game filled with fumbles. Gallagher, a talented kicker, kicked off for Latin to start the game. Memorial took the ball almost up to midfield and was forced to kick. Latin fumbled away the ball, which began a Memorial march for the goal. This was finally stopped by an incompleated fourth-down pass on Latin's twelve-yard line. Latin and Memorial swapped fumbles on Latin's forty; and at the end of the quarter, the score stood 0-0.

In the second period, Latin came up with six points in a combination of runs by Shnider, Cullen, and Connolly, whose 25-yard sprint to the goal-line will be remembered because he had only one shoe. Gallagher kicked off for Latin; and, on the first play, Casey interrupted a pass that would have put Memorial in scoring position. The resulting set of downs gave Latin another touchdown, this one by Shnider, who also successfully kicked for the point. As the half came to a close, Latin led by thirteen points.

Latin resumed in the second half, but was forced to kick soon after. Memorial was held; and after the

teams had again exchanged kicks, the boys from Roxbury scored their lone touchdown near the end of the third quarter. Connolly ran the ball back thirty-five yards, and with the aid of a fifteen-yard penalty for a personal foul, the Latins were again on the march. Shnider tallied again for the Purple, bringing the score to 20-6. After Memorial had been forced to punt, Johnson a few minutes later went over for Latin, with Shnider booting the point. An exchange of kicks was followed by a brief Memorial drive, which ended the fourth quarter.

DROPS FROM THE SHOWERS

"Duke" Shnider accounted for fifteen of the Purple's points, with Connolly and Johnson also tallying . . . Gallagher did all the kicking, with Connolly sharing the punts with Shnider.

* * * *

Fumbles: Maybe it was the cold weather, but both teams looked pretty sloppy.

Line-up: Levine, lk; Kane, lt; Monazir, lg; Gallagher, c; Casey, rg; Shell, rt; Becker, re; Shnider, lhb; Simmons, qb; Connelly, fb; Cullen, rhb.

B. L. S. Bows to Eaglets

October 12, 1953

Lady Luck and B.C. High combined forces to hand Latin their first defeat in ten games, 31-14. In a contest decided by fumbles, no less than four of B.C.'s five touchdowns were set up

by Purple fumbles; and Latin threw away nearly the same number of TD's by costly bobbles.

Latin won the toss and elected to receive. Stebbins took the kick back

to the Latin 25; but, on the next play, B.C. recovered a fumble on the Latin 29. The Eaglets drove to the Latin 2 before they, in turn, fumbled. On the next play Shnider went off tackle for thirteen. Three more plays netted three first downs and placed the ball on the B.C. 42, before the defense stiffened and forced Latin to kick. On the first play from scrimmage, B.C. back broke away and galloped for the game's first T.D. The attempt for the point-after failed, and the Maroon and Gold led, 6-0. Latin took the kick and drove to the B.C. 45 before another fumble halted the drive. Three plays later, an off-tackle venture worked to perfection for the second B.C. touchdown. Again the Eaglets failed to add the point-after; and the score remained 12-0. Both teams threatened before the half ended soon after.

The Maroon and Gold ran the kick back to their own 17 as the second half began; but on the next play Latin recovered a fumble on the 18. After an off-tackle play had advanced the pigskin three yards, Boots Connolly cracked up the middle for six. On the next play however, another Latin miscue cost the Purple a touchdown as a B.C. player fell on a fumble. The Eaglets were forced to kick when the Latin defense stiffened, and the punt was run back to the Latin 47. Three plays later Duke Shnider found a big hole awaiting him in the B.C. line and went all the way with ease. The kick was good, and the score stood Latin — 7; Boston College High — 12. Shortly after, B.C. recovered another fumble on the Latin 27 and easily scored. This time the extra point was added, and the score was 19-7 in favor of B.C. Latin again fumbled when they attempted to run back the ensuing kickoff, and once again it was a mere formality for the Eaglets to score. B.C. again failed to convert, and the score stood 25-7. Latin

took the kickoff and drove all the way to the B.C. one-yard line before (you guessed it) they fumbled. This time, however, Latin got their first and only break of the game when B.C. also fumbled two plays later. On the next play Connolly plunged over for the second Purple T.D. The kick for the point split the uprights to make it 25-14. B.C. took the kick back to their own 28, and two plays later a pass over the middle accounted for the last touchdown of the game. The teams battled each other to a standstill before the final gun went off shortly after. The final score was B.C. — 31; Latin — 14.

Line-up: Levine, Bethoney, le; Kane, Viera, lt; Manazir, Chambers, lg; Troiano, Gallagher, c; Casey, Lucido, rg; Schell, rt; Becker, Kirk, re; Simmons, Watson, qb; Shnider, Levine, lhb; Cullen, Salvo, rhb; Connolly, fb.

A COMEDY OF ERRORS

This was really a rough game, with no punches pulled by either team. Among the Purple's casualties was Matt Levine, who is now sporting a beautiful shiner, and Frank Casey, who was limping noticeably after the game . . . Boots Connolly, long hailed as an offensive standout, put in a stellar performance on the defense as well . . . Charley Manazir and Matt Levine shone on the defense, while Shnider and Connolly carried the burden on the offense . . . Bailey Shell was on the receiving end of one of the best blocks your reporter has seen in a long while . . . Paul Simmons was again the big question mark. At times, the young quarterback performed like a pro; at other times, he had trouble handling the ball . . . What is the matter with that very effective wing T sequence which Walter McCarthy has in his bag of tricks? It certainly could have been put to good use on Columbus Day.

Latin Trounces Trade

November 6, 1953

On a night fit for neither man nor beast, Latin easily disposed of a non-potent Trade eleven, 31-0. Only the fact that the last two periods were

shortened and that the Purple adopted a lackadaisical attitude toward their opponents kept the score down.

Latin won the toss and elected to

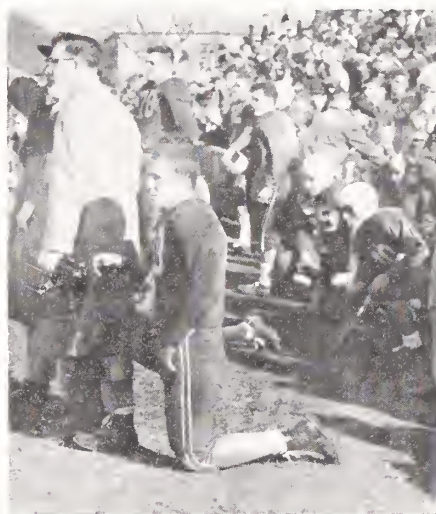
receive. The kick was run back to the Latin 44, and three plays later Duke Shnider went all the way after taking a pitchout. The kick missed fire, but Latin led 6-0.

Trade, after the ensuing kickoff, promptly marched to the Latin 3 before they lost the ball on downs. Three plays later Boots Connolly galloped around end, saw daylight, and outran two would-be defensemen for the T.D. All in all, the play covered ninety yards. Once again the try for the point failed, and the score remained 12-0 in the Purple's favor.

Trade took the kickoff; and, after an exchange of fumbles, finally surrendered the pigskin on the Latin 47. At this point Coach Pep McCarthy pulled one of the big surprises of the year. When fullback Boots Connolly complained of a stomach ailment, Frank Casey, Latin's All-Scholastic guard, was sent in to replace him. After Duke Shnider's run of fifty-three yards was nullified by a penalty, George Hasiotis, who had replaced Simmons at quarterback, befuddled the Trade defense with a spot-pass to Casey. Frank raced like a runaway locomotive through the Trade secondary for the touchdown. Once again the try for the point was unsuccessful, and the score stood Latin — 18, Trade — 0.

On the next set of downs Trade again fumbled, and Latin took over on the 28. The Purple drove to the 6 of the Orange and Black, from which Simmons lobbed a pass to Matt Levine, who normally plays defense, for the fourth score. This time Shnider converted; and Latin led, 25-0. Soon after, the half ended.

Due to the inclement weather, the second half was shortened to two periods of eight and seven minutes respectively. In the second half the teams battled each other to a standstill, until Connolly broke loose for the fifth and final T.D., late in the game. Again the try for the point failed, but the final score stood Latin — 31; Trade — 0.



Line-up: Levine, le; Kane, lt; Manazir, lg; Gallagher, c; Casey, rg; Schell, rt; Becker, re; Simmons, qb; Shnider, lhb; Cullen, rhb.

Alternates: Ends; Donahue, Bethoney, Vierra, Kirk, Green, Tackles; Rorvan, Watson, Lucido, Groves, Leahy, Guards; Mahoney, Campanis, Goughan, Chambers, Centers; Troiano, Backs; R. Levine, Battogler, Hasiotes, Stebbens, Salvo, Johnson, Marshall, Rourke.

DROPS FROM THE SKY

The highlight of the evening was, of course, Frank Casey's debut at fullback. Frank has been practicing diligently at this position for a month. Do not be surprised if he starts in that slot in the near future . . . Matt Levine got quite a kick out of scoring his T.D. His brother Dick, who is a back, will probably never hear the end of it . . . Stonewall Gallagher and Joe Cullen put in stellar performances this evening. Joe and Stonewall have consistently played good ball this year, but have never received the acclaim they deserve . . . With brother Chris watching, George Hasiotis shone at quarterback. George was fooling Trade regularly with his smart signal-calling.

Latin Nips Dorchester

November 13, 1953

B.L.S. seized an early lead in the first period as "Boots" Connelly and "Duke" Shnider moved the ball up from the enemy 33-yard line to pay-dirt before five minutes of playing-time had elapsed. As the quarter drew to a close, Frank Rowan intercepted a Dorchester pass and loped fifty yards for the second tally. Shnider kicking the extra point, as usual. In the second period, Eastman blocked a Latin kick at the Purple's twenty; and on the next play, on an off-tackle drive, the Red and Black came up with a six-pointer. As the half drew to a close, the score stood Latin 14, Dorchester 6.

In the second half, B.L.S. received the pigskin on their own thirty. Connelly advanced it twenty yards to the mid-field marker, and Shnider went the rest of the way to score. He also came through with the conversion. Midway through the period "Matt" Levine recovered a fumble on his own 35-yard line; and in two plays, the Purple had it on the fifty. Another fifty-yard run, this time by Connelly, coupled with another conversion by Shnider, brought Latin ahead, 28-6. A lone T.D. by Flaherty in the last chukker made the final score B.L.S. 28, Dorchester 12.

DROPS FROM THE SHOWERS

Connelly scored 12 points today, but Shnider was right on his heels with 10



... Shnider came through with all four conversions. Man, that guy can sure kick that ball around! ... In the "Credit Where Credit's Due Department," I've got to give orchids to the B.L.S. line; they didn't miss a play ... Rowan, who tallied on an interception, was the stand-out linesman; but Kane, Manazir, Troiano, Casey, and Schell were in on almost every play.

Line-up: Levine, Green, Donante, lg; Kane, Lucido, Watson, lt; Manazir, Gaughin, Mahoney, lg; Troiano, Gallagher, Smith, Broaco, c; Casey, Chambers, Piraino, rg; Schell, Rowan, Groves, rt; Becker, Kirk, Vieira, Bethoney, re; Simmons, Hasiotis, qb; Shnider, Battaglia, Johnson, Marshall, lhb; Cullen, Donovan, Levine, Carp, rhb; Connelly, Salvo, Stebbins, Block, fb.

Latin Trimmed by Southie

November 19, 1953

A strong, unbeaten "Southie" team rumped over Latin with a wide winning margin of twenty-seven points. In the first quarter the pulverized Purple reeled under the shock of "Southie" Fullback Mike Sullivan, who scored three times during the game. Scoring twice in the first period through our trembling line, the boys from the Heights were soon completely in the

black. As the teams swapped goals, South Boston scored again and again, and in the middle of the second chukker, the score stood twenty-six to nothing. "Duke" Shnider, in the closing minutes of the quarter, changed B.L.S.'s goose-egg to a six, cutting the enemy lead to a mere twenty points.

In the second half, "Duke" came across again; and Latin's line sparkled

in its brilliant defensive play, holding the boys from Broadway scoreless in the third quarter. But in the last stanza Southie end "Jumpin' Jim" Murphy speared a long (56-yard) pass from halfback Ted Joyce in Latin's end-zone. Quickly another score followed in the form of a touchdown by Gary Farina. Final score: 39-12.

DROPS FROM THE SHOWERS

Despite the lopsided score, Latin didn't look bad, but they were hopelessly outclassed . . . If only we had a better pass defense . . . Duke Shnider,

scoring twice, was the real stand-out of the M-Carthymen . . . This is Latin's year to build . . . Coach McCarthy claims he could field an all-Junior-and-Sophomore team and still look pretty good . . . Wait till next year!

Line-up: Kirk, M. Levine, Green, le; Kane, Watson, Lucido, lt; Manazir, Campanis, lg; Troiano, Gallagher, c; Casey, Chambers, rg; Schell, Groves, Rowan, rt; Becker, Donahue, Bethoney, re; Simmons, Hasiotis, qb; Schnider, Battaglia, Johnson, lhb; Cullen, Donovan, R. Levine, rhb; Connelly, Salvo, Stebbins, fb.



B. L. S. Edges English

November 26, 1953

Before 12,000 spectators and a countless number of television addicts, the Latin School footballers downed their arch-rivals — English, 31-26, at Harvard Stadium.

English called the flip of the coin correctly (one of the few things they did right all morning) and elected to receive. The Blue and Blue ran the kick back to their own 13; and two plays later Joe Salvo intercepted a pass, which he ran back to the English 30. On the next play Boots Connolly took a pitchout and did a tightrope act down the sidelines to score. The kick for the point was blocked; and

the score stood Latin — 6, English — 0.

E.H.S. ran the kick back to the 39, where they promptly fumbled, with "Mad Ed" Donahue recovering it. The Purple marched to the English 25, where the drive fizzled. At this point the Blue began to move. Concentrating mostly on end runs, they went 75 yards on a sustained drive to score the equalizer. English passed successfully for the point to go ahead, 7-6.

The lead of the Montgomery Street boys was, however, short-lived. After Joe Cullen had run the kick back to the 47, Duke Shnider, two plays later,



swept around end for 44 yards and a touchdown. The kick for the point was good, and Latin led, 13-7.

The teams battled each other to a standstill, until E.H.S. knotted the score on a long pass late in the second period. The try for the point failed; and the score was tied at 13-all as the first half came to a close.

Soon after the second half had started, Latin's offensive machine was put into high gear. Starting from the B.L.S. 47, Connolly took a pitchout to the E.H.S. 28; and two plays later Simmons fired a strike to Kirk, who was all alone in the end-zone, for Latin's third T.D. The point after attempt again missed fire; and the score stood Latin — 19, English — 13.

The Blue and Blue unable to move after taking the ensuing kickoff; and when they attempted to punt, a bad pass from center gave Latin the pig-skin on the E.H.S. 27. On the very next play Connolly found a big hole where the English left tackle should have been and went all the way for the third Latin tally. The kick again was vain; but the Purple led, 25-13.

Late in the third quarter a pass interception gave English the ball on the Latin 20, from which point they drove all the way for a touchdown. The try-for-the-point-after was unsuccessful, and Latin's lead was cut to six points, 25-19.

Latin took the ensuing kickoff back

to the 43, and in five plays scored, with Duke Shnider sweeping the end for 26 yards and a touchdown. The kick failed, making the score 31-19.

English took the kick back to the 31 and from there drove all the way for the final tally of the game. The point-after again missed; and Latin again led by only six points, 31-25. The Purple managed, however, to keep possession of the ball until the final gun went off, ending another Turkey Day Classic.

Line-up: Levine, lc; Kane, lt; Manazir, lg; Gallagher, c; Casey, rg; Schnell, rt; Becker, re; Simmons, qb; Shnider, lhb; Cullen, rhb; Connolly, fb. *Alternates:* Ends — Donahue, Bethoney, Vierra, Kirk, Green; Tackles — Rowan, Watson, Lucido, Groves, Leahy; Guards — Mahoney, Campanis, Goughan, Chambers; Center — Troiano; Backs — R. Levine, Battoglia, Hasiotis, Stebbins, Salvo, Johnson, Marshall, Rourke.

FINIS

This was easily Simmons' best game of the season. He seemed to have acquired that polish and finesse that he was lacking early in the year . . . Dick Levine was the defensive stand-out. He and brother Matt were the ones forcing the English backs inside on those end-around plays . . . Latin finished with a season's record of four wins and two defeats. The only thing which kept Latin out of the running for the City Title was inability to hang onto the ball. They averaged over six fumbles per game . . . Boots Connolly playing his last game, but in one of his best performances . . . Three cheers for Bailey Shell (*advertisement*) . . . Latin will field a very strong team next year, with such standouts as Frank Casey, Paul Simmons, Dick Levine, and Slash Johnson returning.



Cross Country

Although hit hard by graduation, the Purple and White enjoyed one of their best Cross-country seasons since the introduction of the sport five years ago. Bolstered by the return of such veterans as Seniors Tom Flynn (Captain) and Chet Rose and Junior Bob Holz, the team came within a few points of retaining the City and Regimental championships.

In the City Meet the team was spearheaded by Flynn, who finished fourth, and Bob Holz, a close fifth. Chet Rose, Danny Eagan, and Jack Dailey were also well up in the pack as the boys from Avenue Louis Pasteur finished as runners-up to a strong English team.

A week later in the Reggies, B.L.S. was once again second to the same English team, that was destined to win the laurels in the State Meet. Once again the leaders of the Purple squad were Tom Flynn, sixth man in, and Bob Holz, in eighth place.

Because of a misunderstanding of the course, the Latins found themselves at the end of the pack at the beginning of



the State Meet. Tom Flynn, however, running a magnificent race, passed most of the field to finish in sixth place and lead his team.

In addition to the boys mentioned above, other outstanding performers were Paul Epstein and Joe McCarthy. Jack Maguire, Bill Cahn, and Jack O'Neil also contributed much to the success of the team.

With many of its top performers returning next year, B.L.S. can look forward to an even greater season.

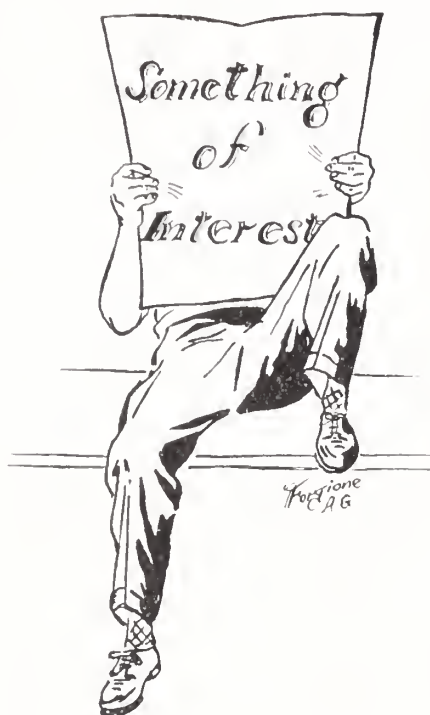
Soccer

The Latin School soccer team, in its fifth year, has developed into a well-coordinated and powerful playing organization. In spite of the loss of Vitans, last year's Senior star, the spirited torch-bearers of Avenue Louis Pasteur made their way to a strong showing this year. Sparked by Co-Captains Bennett and Dowling, Ozols, Budginas, Russman, and Troen, the Latins emerged victorious by a 4-0 score in their first game played against Medford.

The tables were turned on the Purple and White eleven in the next game when Browne and Nichols scored a 2-0 victory over Latin.

The following game saw B.L.S. taking its revenge in a rematch with Medford, which Latin conquered 4-1. In another rematch with Medford, Latin ended the season in a hard fought battle by taking the wrong end of a 1-3 score.

Line-up: Bennett (Co-Capt.), ri; Troen, rhb; Budginas, cf; Ozols, chb; Miller, fb; Strock, li; Russman, lw; Dusak, rw; McLeon, goal (Mgr.); Moscalew, lhb; Collias, goal; Drever, hb; Fennis, hb; Munsey, hb; Paterna, hb; Walsh, fb; Lee, fb; Dowling, fb (Co-Capt.)



BY HERBERT S. WAXMAN, '54

The bloody battle is over. After hours of intense cramming, the members of Class I have taken the preliminary tests for the Hearst History Examinations; and the results show that Charles Berlin, Isaac Druker, and Thomas Harrington have qualified to enter the semifinals and finals and thus are eligible for the grand prize of a \$2000 scholarship.

* * * *

As we live in one of the greatest educational centers in the world, it is doubly difficult for Seniors of Boston Latin School to select a college where they may continue their studies. Thus far, Bentley, Rensselaer, Brandeis, Northeastern, Harvard, and Tufts have been kind enough to send their admissions officers to address Class I to aid us in coming to a satisfactory decision. In the weeks to come, we anticipate visits from representatives of many more colleges.

* * * *

The yellow brick walls of the third-floor corridors have finally become visible and have shed their garish coat of many campaign posters. It took three ballots, but the following officers were elected to organize and unify the class of '54 through the years: John Boussy, *President*; Matthew Levine and John Stebbins, *Vice-Presidents*; Joseph Salvo, *Secretary-Treasurer*. The Class Committee, under the chairmanship of George Hasiotis, will consist of Leo Conway, Albert Bass, Thomas Durkin, Lewis Freedman, Henry Tafe, and John Dooley.

* * * *

This year, for the first time, some boys of the Latin school are being given an opportunity to progress as rapidly as they desire in a subject. As part of a plan affiliated with twelve colleges, Seniors and Juniors who are taking German and who receive a mark of eighty-five or above in the subject are offered the chance to set their own pace. The plan, at present in the experimental stage at Latin School, will give superior students college credits for advanced work done in secondary school.

Undoubtedly preparatory schools need a system of rapid advancement for the exceptional student. As a class can advance only as rapidly as its slowest member, teachers are forced to moderate the tempo of progress. An excellent remedy for this undesirable condition can be effected by taking pupils with exceptional ability out of regular classes as early as Class III and placing them in special classes with boys of similar aptitudes. Too long have the potentialities of the brighter pupils been retarded.

Arrangements such as those described above would make for improvement in another way: indirectly at least the training of potential leaders would be accelerated at a time when the very life of our democracy is being threatened from without and within. Leaders are needed as never before in the history of our country. Any steps to help produce them should be taken quickly and effectively.



On Wednesday afternoon, November 18, Bruce Nielsen, Irwin Derman, Harv Pressman, Herb Waxman, and photographer Mike Bolotin ascended eight stories of a building on St. James Street, walked through glass doors into a plush reception room, to be faced with the terrifyingly great task of making sage remarks into a live microphone. Knowing that the air-waves would carry our words to thousands of listeners and convinced that our greatest service to humanity would be spread abroad the gospel of the Aardvark, we spent a considerable portion of Bob Clayton's "Boston Ballroom" show, over which we gave the results of B.L.S.'s record poll, in discussing the A.O.A. As a climax, Bob was inducted into the Order as an honorary Aardvark, in recognition of meritorious service beyond the call of duty.

On the program your representatives made the following dedications, for which we beg immunity from reprisals: the first place song, "That's Amore", to Mr. Marson, the Wise Old Aardvark, and all the little Aardvarks; second place "Stranger In Paradise" to Classes VI and IVB: "Eh, Compare", the third-place tune, to Mr.

Dunn, our Senior adviser; Number Four, "From Rags to Riches" to Mr. Pennypacker, in the hope that his years of retirement may be as pleasant for him as his years of teaching were for us; and "Change Partners", the song voted fifth place, to Arthur Godfrey and Julius LaRosa (HUH?).

The poll was interrupted by the entrance of the charming Pat O'Day, the young (18) vocalist, whose recording of a "Dear John Letter" rocketed her to stardom. We were privileged to hear played for the first time her new recordings of "Take Me Home" and "A Bird Flies North". After this delightful interlude, the survey's results were finished, with the dedicating of "One Moment More" to the new bell schedule; "Under Paris Skies" to Mr. Levine; "Everybody Loves Saturday Night" to the football team; and "Three O'Clock in the Morning" to the Honor Society Meetings. Incidentally, the boys at Latin School chose Patti Page and Perry Como their favorite female and male vocalists, respectively.

It was interesting to note the incidence of Latin School graduates at the WHDH studios. The record librar-

ian, the engineer, and Bob Clayton himself flashed their rings before us and recounted a few of the interesting experiences they had had at B.L.S. and some of the idiosyncrasies they had noticed in certain teachers, traits which were only too familiar to us. After a pleasant stay of two hours, we bid fond farewell to the studios of WHDH (850 on your dial) and left, jealously clutching our "Sky Bars".

* * * *

The First Public Declamation, which took place on Friday, November 6, held the Sixth Classmen in the audience spell-bound, as they saw for the first time declaimers bow and heard them deliver their pieces in accordance with

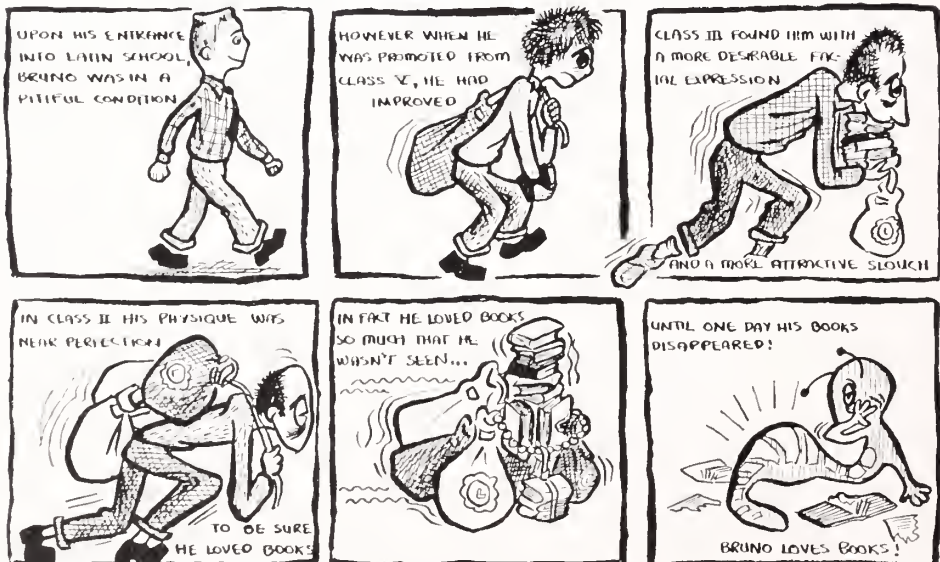
one of Latin School's most revered traditions. The speakers were Charles Laurence Korb, David Book Pauley, Donald Richard Friary, and Ian Cameron MacDonald of Classes VI and V; Vincent Samuel Geglic, Mark Mirsky, Theodore Saul Herman, and Edward Haven Pauley of Classes IV and III; and Paul Charles Altmeyer, John Francis Dobblyn, Seymour Lazarre Simckes, Anthony Peter Giordano, Elliot Abraham Milgram, and Bruce Stuart Nielsen of Classes II and I.

* * * *

Elliot Milgram of 334 was chosen to represent Boston Latin School in the finals of the Red Feather Oratorical Contest.



METAMORPHOSIS



Alumni Notes

MARSHALL S. HORWITZ, '54

The appointment of James J. Sullivan Jr., '44, to the position of an Assistant United States Attorney was recently announced. Upon graduation from Latin School, he received the Edwards Scholarship to Harvard College. In 1950 and 1951 he was an assistant to the executive director of the Massachusetts "Baby Hoover" Commission. He has also held important positions under ex-Senator Lodge.

* * * *

"The Club's judges were unanimous in regarding *Fire in the Ashes* as both the most important and most enlightening book about Europe". This book, which gives an insight into European affairs, was written by Theodore H. White, '32. It has been chosen the current selection by the Book-of-the-Month Club. White, a news correspondent, has lived abroad most of the time after his graduation from college.

* * * *

Among the thirty-one Harvard College Freshmen elected to the Freshmen Union Committee by their classmates are Charles O. Chambers, Edward L. Cohen, and Thomas C. Hayden, all members of the B.L.S. class of '53. The Committee acts not only as a liaison team between the Freshmen and their Faculty Advisers, but plans numerous extra curricular activities.

* * * *

Mr. Arnold Rigby, '24, has departed for Europe, where he will attend the American Society of Travel Agents convention in Rome. Mr. Rigby, proprietor of the Arnold Tours, is president of the New England Chapter of travel society.

* * * *

Melvin Croan, '49, a *summa cum laude* student at Harvard University, has been awarded a Fulbright scholarship for further education abroad. Croan, who was a *Phi Beta Kappa* in his junior year, will study at the University of Bonn in Germany.

Dr. B. Alexander, '26, has been appointed the new Associate Professor of Medicine at Beth Israel Hospital. Dr. Alexander, an authority on blood-clotting and hemorrhage, will be a member of the permanent faculty of the Harvard Medical School conducting research and teaching at the Hospital. After illustriously completing a course of study at Harvard University, he traveled abroad to study in many famous European laboratories. He has been conducting clinical and laboratory research at Beth Israel Hospital and teaching in the Harvard Medical School since 1939.

* * * *

Anthony Francis Tamis and David Sheldon Krause, both '53, have been appointed Cadet Midshipmen at the United States Merchant Marine Academy at King's Point, New York. Upon graduation, they will receive concurrent commissions as Ensign, United States Naval Reserve, and Ensign, United States Maritime Commission.

* * * *

Colonel Norman W. Elton, '16, has been awarded the Louis Livingston Seaman prize of the Association of Military Surgeons of the U.S. The prize is presented annually for the best essay on a subject approved by the board. Colonel Elton was named for the award because of his studies, which, relative to yellow fever, were conducted during his stay of duty in the Panama Canal zone from 1948-53.

* * * *

The Harvard University Press has just published "World Wheat Economy", by Wilfred Malenbaum, '30. To take a post with the Center for International Studies at M.I.T., Malenbaum has resigned as chief of the investment and economic development staff of the State Department.



REGISTER'S RAVING REPORTER

D. LYONS
W. MOGAN

Sept. 13: For reasons that will become obvious upon reading the rest of this column, *Ye R. R. R.* feels the need of a head start; thus, the date.

Sept. 14: Prior to the present date, the following letter was received by all Seniors: "The Headmaster of Boston Latin School sends you greetings: You are cordially invited to attend morning and afternoon classes at our institution, beginning Monday, September 14, 1953, and ending June 26, 1954. Your presence is sincerely requested; but do not feel obligated to appear if you find it inconvenient or you have to curtail your social activities. The Headmaster and the Faculty."

(You don't believe it, huh? You must be a skeptic.)

Sept. 15: The day has finally come. *Ye R.R.R.* is a Senior. At last his is the thrill of watching lower classes clench and unclench the fists to the tune of *hup, two, three, duh-h*; of walking into the library without the slightest intention of studying; of bawling out buck privates for not knowing left from right. Stay with it, children. If eight years of hard loafing was productive for the *R.R.R.*, why shouldn't it be for you?

Sept 16: At ease, gentlemen; this year we keep it clean. *Ye R.R.R.* has taken the vow never to mention in this year's column: Mr. Meanor, the swimming pool adjacent to 413, the thoroughbred stables in the sub-basement, Mr. Levine's fight for the

Loyalty Fund first, and/or the hot (ugh) lunch.

Sept. 17: The alarm is out for the boy who wrote on his office record card, opposite *Father's Occupation*, "unemployed". Seems he's the son of a teacher in the — ahh —. Put down that slide rule, sir; I won't tell!

Sept. 18: Taking advantage of his tattered suit coat, pallid countenance, and the "neophytity" of the new crop (and I mean crop. They must have been dug up.) of Sixth Classmen, *ye R.R.R.* today issued sixty-two (62) misdemeanor marks for insubordination. End of the line came when *Ye R.R.R.* spotted what looked like a "Sixie" coming out of the Cafeteria with a trayful of food (to use the expression loosely), conferred upon the lad four marks for illegal conveyance of victuals, only to discover the "youngster" was a new Latin teacher.

Sept. 21: The Czar is resuming his old tactics. The following episode was witnessed by a Pinkerton detective employed by the *R.R.R.*: Said the Czar, "Jones, one mark, talking." Said Jones, "Sir, eight witnesses; not a word." Again the Czar, "Very well, then; one mark, Jones-leaning; heh! heh! (*Jones suffered a stroke from which he has never recovered. He was last seen throwing darts at a graven image labelled with math symbols.*)

Sept. 22: Attention *F.B.I.*: A new

lead in the Brink's robbery. The thieves must have been either Latin School Seniors or Nab-eating French teachers. Who else would need so much money?

Sept. 23 "Eat heartily; get a good night's sleep; keep away from wine and women." After reading these words of advice, a master was heard to say, "Follow that way of clean living till you're ninety, boys, and you'll live to a ripe old age." The room was so quiet that you could have heard a dropped car check hit the floor.

Sept. 24 *Ye R.R.R.* has seen the error of his way, and, being in all ways inexorably fair, desires to print a retraction. In a previous column, it was stated that half the students of B.L.S. are idiots. *Ye R.R.R.* now realizes that this is untrue. Half the students in this school are not idiots.

Sept. 25: Once again boys were reminded that "Nearsies don't count." *Ye R.R.R.* has learned, however, that certain teachers are still allowing "halfcreditsies." That's a help, anyway.

Sept. 28: Have you all noticed the latest fashionable dress for Seniors? Filthy white bucks and matching slide-rule in scabbord.

Sept. 29: "Session 12, Willy" (*Chalk off the board in a double reverse twist, into the master's waiting fist. A smile is seen about his lower jaw, but it could be a sneer of contempt.*) "Yep, Will, get ready for a skirmish; for we're gonna follow a tangent west to infinity!" (For interpretation of the above, write to your favorite Senior taking physics.)

Sept. 30: An interesting sidelight to American history was explained today by the savant of 202: "The captain, badly wounded, said to his men, 'Don't give up the ship, boys!' The ceiling of the classroom was seen rising rapidly to the stratosphere.

Oct. 1: Edict 38761.83, Art. V, Sec. 4, Par. 24 (12th reissue): "The boys of the Upper classes are again reminded that they must treat Fifth and Sixth classmen as younger brothers. Any Latin School boy seen

laying a finger on another boy will be dealt with severely." (But how about a whole hand or a foot, sir? I didn't use one finger, sir; honest!)

Oct. 2: Certain boys are treading on thin ice. Seems they've been circulating around the school, shouting certain slogans from the Presidential campaign of 1840, and a certain German teacher has taken exception to these remarks.

Oct. 5: Johann war ein Senior,
Aber Johann ist nicht mehr,
Als er ein Teller zerbrochen hat
Seine Freunde yammerten sehr.

Oct. 6: Smuggled out of 208: "The Whigs tried to slander Jackson's wife, although she just was an average woman. Maybe she did smoke a pipe, but she was really normal. Heh, Heh."

Oct. 7: Money for class rings was collected today. For some reason, *Ye R.R.R.* drew the ire of the powers that be. All did was to check the collected money for "Lucky Bucks". No need to get sore just because a guy's tryin' to make an honest living!

Oct. 8: He shall live forever in the minds of his pupils, that master who encouraged them no end with these immortal words: "Remember at all times, boys, you are human beings".

Oct. 9: "Say, pal, what college you applying to?" "First choice, Aardvarks, in nearby Cambridge." And speaking of Aardvarks, *Ye R.R.R.* has decided to put away his purple jacket, after being approached by a complete stranger and asked, "Is it true the entrances at Latin School are on the third floor?"

Oct. 12: Odd! 8:35, and nobody's here! Oh, yes; this is the birthday anniversary of a member of the Explorers' Club. — Undoubtedly, according to *Pravda*, a Russian who discovered America.

Oct. 13: The true sentiments of a certain master were learned today when he was heard to say, with a sly smile on his face, to his class, "You boys can stop that noise now; they're closing the door across the hall."

Oct. 14: *Ye R.R.R.* is beginning to think that Class I is nothing but one

long succession of three-hour intelligence and achievement tests, with their gummed stickers and "special" pencils.

This one really happened!

Teacher: "Of course, we all know what a tonsorial artist is, don't we, Zilch?" *Zilch* (*name used to protect the innocent and others*): "That's a dentist, isn't it, sir?"

The entire student body was shocked today upon the emergence of new milk containers. What few seemed to realize, however, was that these new containers are merely a result of a long-standing complaint of the Aardvarks. At long last, a spout for every snout! Aardvarkia Uber Alles!

Oct. 16: Said the master of 219 to a pupil combing his hair repeatedly in class, "Jones, you're censured; you ought to know better than to comb hair in front of me!"

The other chemistry teacher: Jones, what is the common name for potassium cyanide?

Jones: Wh . . . er . . . Gee, sir, it's on the tip of my tongue.

Teacher: Well, I'd advise you to spit it out immediately. It's extremely poisonous.

Oct. 19: Bewildered looks crossed the faces of members of the Fine Arts Club when their aardvarkian faculty adviser gave instructions for reaching his home, where a meeting was to be held. Features visibly brightened, however, when said adviser stated he would gladly bring to his home any of the culture-lovers who might become lost in the wilds of Marian Path.

Oct. 20: *Ye R.R.R.* discovered just how modern the "Bard of Avon" remains when a master read the following stage direction from Hamlet: "Hamlet stabs Polonius through the arras!"

Oct. 21: During the past several weeks, rumors have run through the school concerning "Uncle Tom" and his possible retirement. The rumors have been confirmed; and, sad to say, the grand old admiral of the good ship *A Bientot* is leaving us at last.

Oct. 22: The office announced that it will not forward pupils' mail in the future. What a boom to *Ye R.R.R.*! Now maybe all those girls will stop pestering me.

Oct. 23: Members of Class I have been warned, in words straight from the horse's mouth (no offence, sir) to begin wearing suit jackets and dressing neatly, all in anticipation of announced college interviewers. The last day is drawing near!

The call for boys to act in the Girls Latin School play aroused feverish excitement until they learned it would be a "Mark I Production." The enthusiasm of aspiring thespians waned noticeably.

Joe Zilch could eat no fat;

His pal would eat no lean . . .

This is a reason to ask for money back on the hot lunch?

Oct. 26: *Overheard in 302*: Enthusiastic MT boy: "Duck, everybody! Here come a yellow plane and a wicked skew line!"

All the class, starting low and warming up to it: "S-s-s-s! Boom!"

Oct. 27: In the corridor in front of the library, an overgrown Lower Classman accidentally jostled a pint-sized Senior, knocking a book from his arm. The Senior let out a bellow: "Come back here, and pick up that book!" The towering Lower Classman was too startled to do anything but comply. Our hero later commented, "You gotta show those big guys where they stand." How about that, Sammy?

Oct. 28: Trouble afoot: Certain members of the Key Club are using Yale locks, and Harvard has gotten wind of it. Careful, boys; we want to get into college, you know.

Oct. 29: The French Club met today. Members were saddened by the news that the Club had failed in its attempt to get that eminent French chanteuse, Halcloke, to speak on Julius La Rosa.

Oct. 30: The National Honor Society met today. Members were saddened by the news that the Society had

failed in its attempt to get a member of the Modern History Club to speak on "Peaceful Coercion, the Embargo act of 1807, and the Tutorial System."

Nov. 2: Admission of the year by that history teacher with the obscure facts: "I realize I'm a little off sometimes, but . . ."

Nov. 3: A fine point was explained to Seniors at today's Junior Achievement Assembly. Directors of that body frown on the practice of those who "baby-sit" and consider this sufficient "Junior Achievement" to name it as such on college applications.

Nov. 4: A strange-looking Third-Classman walked out of 123, purple from the neck up. He should have known what would happen when he asked where to apply a tourniquet in case of bleeding from the head.

Nov. 5: *Edict* 69.435w: "Boys whose homerooms are on the third floor will in the future please refrain from discarding old school materials — such as masters' chairs, Latin Books, and ink bottles — by casting them to the ground through closed windows. Any offender will receive severe punishment."

Nov. 6: *Edict* x1344213: Boys desiring to enter the Animal Poster Contest must have their entries in by Friday. *Ye R.R.R.* is terribly sorry, but as a loyal Aardvark, he must refuse the many boys who have asked *Ye R.R.R.* himself to pose.

A new category, "Humility", has been added to the blue character-rating sheets now being distributed to the masters. The grades are as follows: Very humble; Humble; Not so humble; Like Julius.

Nov. 9: This entry should have a border. I learned today that, on November 30, there is going to be a drastic change taking place in the lives of all Latin School boys. *School*

will begin a full quarter of an hour earlier. This is going too far, fellow students! Arise, and throw off your shackles. On second thought you'd better just arise.

Nov. 11: A welcome breather, this one-day respite: but it postpones by only a short twenty-four hours an impending "skirmish" with an inconsiderate master.

Nov. 13: This certainly is a good day for black cats and broken mirrors. I missed a plane, two trains, and then the "boat".

Nov. 17: *Notice to Masters*: The school tape-recorder is missing! Might there be fact to the rumor that one hardened English teacher has recorded a series of articulate poems and is using them to put himself to sleep at night?

Nov. 18: *Ye R.R.R.* was fortunate to be among the boys representing Latin School in the Bob Clayton record poll today. Unfortunately, *Ye R.R.R.*'s reverse psychology did not work with the charming guest *chanteuse*. O, well, *c'est la vie*. My mother loves me, anyway.

Nov. 19: The Honor Society today had a combined pajama party and business meeting. At least the boys were given an opportunity to observe the "dawn's early light" we hear so much about.

Nov. 20: Marks closed today. After computing his grades, *Ye R.R.R.* sees but three courses he might follow:

- 1) *RRRicide*
- 2) Join the football team
- 3) Switch to a math-tech course

Nov. 23: I'd gladly brave the stormy brine,

To fight Marciano would be just fine;

But one thing for which I do not pine

Is the wrath of the Chief when I miss
— DEADLINE.



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